



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, SUMMARY, POETRY, &c.

VOL. XII — [III. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1835.

NO. 5.

SELECT TALES.

From the Lady's Book.

The Young Fisherman of the Palisades.

[Concluded.]

THE music of the orchestra ceased—then died away in light echoes, and all was still. There was an interval of a few moments of breathless suspense, and every eye was directed to the group of students. At length one arose. He was tall and handsome; and his countenance and bearing indicated at once intelligence and confidence in his abilities. His presence was greeted with loud cheers, and the smiles that were interchanged by many of the spectators, proved that he was not only known to many, but a favorite with them. He spoke, and his accent and pronunciation discovered his English origin. His eloquence was strong and forcible, characterised alike by dignity of thought, and powerful utterance. His attitude was noble and commanding, his gestures appropriate. Every eye was riveted upon him—many were the smiles that encouraged him, and the young Englishman concluded amid the deafening acclamations of the delighted auditors. When he had taken his seat there was a murmur of applause that pervaded the assembly. The professors looked in each others faces, uttered a few sentences, and bowed. There was something very significant and ominous of good to the speaker in that inclination of the head. The music of the orchestra again rose and died away, and there reigned the same stillness as before. The interest was even heightened, and every one was eager to see who would next enter the literary arena. A young man arose. He was the pride of Dublin, his native city, and the reiterated cheerings that greeted him attested his popularity. His voice was full and sonorous—his periods turned with all the power and elegance of rhetorical art—and his gestures energetic though chaste, revealed through the folds of his flowing gown, the manly proportions of limbs that would have appeared with advantage under the *longa toga* of Cicero

himself. His eloquence was of that irresistible kind, which, like a torrent, bears every thing before it. Each eye brightened—each face beamed as he proceeded, rising at every period, in height and brilliancy like the ascending rocket, till his oratory collecting all its force into a mighty effort, broke forth in conclusion, with loud detonation in one grand burst of brightness. The effect was electrical. Applause like thunder proclaimed his triumph as he sat down, and many a kerchief and scarf waved a recognition from friends. His victory was to be read in the features of the audience—and in the smiles and gracious nods of the provost and professors.

There was yet another speaker to be heard—but the interest had in a great measure subsided: no one could be expected to equal the late brilliant display of talent, and the many friends of the young Irishman, secure in their success, were rather revolving in their minds the glowing sentences of their favorite, than thinking of the rival who was to succeed him. The music had ceased, and there was a pause—a long, and anxious pause—for delay created anxiety. Moments passed. The people sat on the couches as so many statues. Still no one arose. The professors looked upon the band of students. The eyes of the assemblage as of one man followed their glance, to single out from among the group, the last competitor. After an interval, a motion was noticed among the students, and a young man was seen rising. He was pale and thin, one of those emaciated devotees who offer up the oil of life at the shrine of science, and his dark, glossy hair gave a more sombre and death-like hue to his bloodless countenance. He wore not the collegiate gown, but was habited in a dress of dark gray, seemingly of coarse texture, and much worn. He rose under evident embarrassment, and was not received with the same plaudits that encouraged his predecessors: for there was something so novel and unexpected in his appearance and dress that the spectators were struck with astonishment. He at length raised his brow to the gazing multitude, and a flush diffused itself over his

features as he essayed to speak. His voice at first was low and tremulous, and seemed to struggle in his breast for utterance, but soon swelled out into a fullness and sweetness of sound that rivaled the melody of a fine-toned organ. The commencement of his oration was beautiful; but it was the inanimate beauty of a statue. The nice and delicate management of the members were there—the harmony—the proportion—but life was wanting—that spirit which gives effect to the whole mass, and without which it is nothing. His gestures also were stiff and constrained—more like the involuntary motions of an *automaton*, than the light movements of animated existence. The true Promethean fire came down at length from heaven, and the statue was animated—it lived—it breathed, and all around felt the spell of its influence. His gestures were then the very impulse—the embodied essence of the grand sentiments that he uttered.

His eloquence was not of that kind which boasted of pre-eminence in any one species of excellence, it embraced in a harmonious whole all that is rarest and best of the different kinds happily blended into one, like the mingled colors that form the light of day; and as his subject was one which afforded scope for the display of versatility of talent, he charmed his audience at one time with the sweetness of his diction, again elevated them with the sublime, awed them with the grand and terrible, transported them with the beautiful creations of fancy, or amazed them with the opulence of his figures and the boldness of his imagery. There were no plaudits as he came to the periods and pauses of his oration, nor clapping of hands—no waving of scarfs—the body was passive, motionless, while the active mind, in all its intensity, caught every sentence—every word every breath that was uttered. Acquiring confidence as he proceeded, the spirit of his address infused itself into his person; from his eyes gleamed a supernatural brightness—a god-like beauty played around his lips, and the muscles of his slightly-fashioned limbs swelled out in full proportions, till it

might be supposed that the soul of the speaker had burst its barriers and was gliding around the form it had animated. The interest of his oration was not only maintained—it was increased—every succeeding clause riveted the attention more, and the professors and auditors sat with brows upraised in wonder and astonishment, and lips parted in attention the most painful and intense.

After he had held the minds of the assembly in a trance for nearly two hours, he drew to a close in all the transcendent power of his unrivaled eloquence—rushed from the stage and burst into tears. Intense interest had suspended their breathing—a loud inhalation followed his conclusion—there was a death-like stillness—the people sat motionless—spell-bound with admiration, and silently looking into each other's faces. A moment passed, and applause followed like the fall of an avalanche, which was redoubled again, and again, and again, till the very theatre seemed coming down beneath the thunder of their plaudits.

The provost arose and with his hand repressed the noise—a few words passed between the professors—the young Englishman and Irishman gave each a hand to the last speaker, and led him upon the stage, while the secretary rose from his seat, and read from a paper which he held in his hand. 'To Arthur Browne, a young American some time a sizer of Trinity College, Dublin, the provost and professors award the gold medal for superior excellence in Elocution.'

As the young American stood supported by his two competitors, the provost put a chaplet of evergreens upon his head and attached to the breast of his coat the massy medal which he had so nobly won. There was something very interesting in seeing this representative of one country honored by the representatives of two others. The people knew not which to admire most, the talents of the young sizer, the generosity of his two rivals, or the candor of the judges who awarded the premium, and long and reiterated applause testified their satisfaction.

True genius is of no sex, nor age, nor country. Its brightness, like that of the sun is common to all—all feel its genial light and heat and acknowledge the spell of its influence. Numbers crowded around the young foreigner, and many and warm were the congratulations he received. One person, above all the rest, appeared gratified at the success of the young sizer. Notwithstanding the crowd was immense, and the burden of a young lady on his arm, he pressed to the place where he stood, as he wrung in fervent congratulation the hand of the youth, the tears, stood in his eyes. It was the amiable Monteith and his daughter. His heart was unutterably full as he witnessed the triumph of his former pro-

tegee—the noble-hearted son of his deceased friend. Angeline Monteith possessed nothing of the hauteur and moroseness of her brother, but all her father's cheerfulness and goodness of heart. She felt in the exercises of the day all that interest which they were calculated to excite in feelings naturally warm and enthusiastic. Years had passed since she had seen Arthur at Lauderdale, her father's seat, a lively and interesting youth. In the meantime she had attained to womanhood and the perfection of mental and corporeal graces. Her beauty and gracefulness made a very lively impression upon the heart of the young collegian, and his brilliant triumph awakened emotions in the breast of Angeline Monteith equally tender and intense.

Without money to prosecute the study of any profession, Arthur engaged himself as an usher in Trinity College, and during his leisure hours applied himself diligently to the study of law. While he was thus, through sedulous application, laying the foundation of future greatness, and advancing in the path of honor, young Monteith, who had entered the university with him, under circumstances that afforded every facility for distinguishing himself, was not only permitting the spring time of his life to glide away without improvement, but was giving loose reign to youthful appetites and passions, that would hurry him into inevitable ruin. Shortly after he lost his inestimable father and was thus left without control—a ship on the sea of life without a rudder, amid storms and tempest. At this time Arthur addressed to Morton an affectionate letter of condolence, indited in the kindest terms, making reference to the friendship of their departed parents and expressing a hope that the past might be forgotten and their former intercourse be renewed; but the churl, with feelings alike unsoftened by time or affliction, returned his letter in a blank envelope.

One grateful heart however appreciated the kind attention. Angeline was lively sensible of the respect which was shown to the memory of her deceased father, and felt emotions corresponding therewith for him who offered it. His increased salary enabled young Browne to accomplish a favorite object—the paying over to the university the full amount of board and professors' fees, during the time he had received the bounty of his sizership. He also transmitted to Morton Monteith as executor of his father's last will and testament, the sum total which his father had paid to the university on his account, with interest added, which was duly received and receipted for. He thus discharged what the loftiness of mind would not let him consider in the light of a gratuity, but as a loan to be repaid with interest.

Lauderdale, the seat of the late Mr.

Monteith, was about twenty miles from Dublin. Morton divided his time between this residence and the metropolis, sharing with those, wild and dissolute like himself, the dissipation both of town and country. Angeline, who was thus either left to solitude, or thrown into company whose morals were but little suited to the refinement of female delicacy, left her paternal hall, and went to reside in Dublin with a maternal aunt. While here, she frequently saw the young American—admired the splendor of his genius—the nobleness of his mind, and was charmed with the liveliness of his fancy. Their tempers were congenial, their preference mutual—friendship ripened into affection, and they were married. In a prudential point of view it was not such a match as Angeline might have aspired to. Her property and station gave her claims to a husband more wealthy and elevated in life; but she preferred merit to riches, and domestic happiness to public splendor, for which she had a sufficient guarantee in his amiable and affectionate disposition. Morton was indignant at his sister's infamy, as he termed it, and wrote an insulting letter to Arthur, in which he informed him that not one pound of his father's money should pass as a dowry into the hands of a beggar. Arthur returned for reply, that his income was amply sufficient for the support of a family; that although he did not need the money which had been bequeathed to his wife, he knew the rapacity of the hand in which it was lodged, better than to permit it to remain long where it was; that he had never begged of him nor any one else; and that he doubted not the time would come, when pride would have its fall, and crime its punishment, and he be glad to solicit charity at the hands of those whom he had treated with unmerited contumely. A suit was forthwith instituted for the recovery of Angeline's fortune, and after all the obstacles had been thrown in the way which artifice and dishonesty could suggest, it was finally recovered.

Time passed on, and merit and application had their reward. Arthur Browne was a graduate at law, and besides his duties in college, exercised the vicar-generalship of Kildare, and practised in the courts as an eminent barrister, being retained as counsel in most of the principal cases. His good fortune increased. About this time the King's professor of Greek in Trinity College died, having bequeathed to him an immense fortune, and recommended him as a successor to the chair of his professorship. His request was complied with, as it was a selection which would have been made without such recommendation, and he was accordingly installed in his office with all due formality.

Shortly after this he was elected a director

of the bank of Ireland, also lecturer on civil law in the university; and to crown the whole, for his superior abilities and eloquence, he was elected representative of the university in the house of Commons, where his influence was exerted to protect the rights of the subject against the encroachments of power and oppression in a manner alike creditable to the head and the heart.

As we have been endeavoring to sketch out for our readers, something like a historical parallel, we shall stop to inquire what were the employments—what the standing of Morton, while his early associate advanced in reputation, reaping laurels from the distinction with which he filled so many important offices, and from the success with which he plead the cause of justice and freedom in the councils of his adopted country.

Pleasure was his only pursuit, sensual, degrading pleasure—the pleasure of the chase—the brothel—the revelry of the wine-cup, and the dark, damning pollution of the gambling-house. From this his *standing* may be inferred. His base conduct had alienated all the respect and affection inspired by the recollection of his father's worth rather than his own merit; and the only estimation in which he was held was that of a 'good fellow,' among the dissolute, whose sympathies he would enjoy, until his reckless dissipation and lavishness should squander his estate.

The syren song of luxury may for a time lull conscience to sleep, the fumes of vice obscure the light of truth, and the mind under the enchantment of sensuality, roll on in its darkling course of crime without reference to its pristine honor, or a consciousness of the destruction which it is rapidly approaching; but at length the song will cease to charm, the light of truth flash across the soul, like the midnight lightning, revealing its darkness; the spell of enchantment be broken, and awaking conscience in all the pungency of bitter yet unavailing regret; in retrospect the darkening ruins of hopes, property, honor, virtue, health, and fame, strewn along the sere and blighted path of passion.

Morton Monteith was *alone*, with countenance pale and thoughtful. He sat in the recess of a window, resting his arm upon the ledge, and supporting his forehead with his hand. Despair was legibly traced on every lineament, and ever and anon a groan issued from his inmost bosom. From the window at which he was sitting, the grounds of Lauderdale and greater part of the estate were visible. These were the scenes of his youth—his happy youth. All the tender associations of early life were awakened, and the idea of parting from them for ever was painfully afflicting—especially when crime had created the necessity. His eye fell upon

the distant vault that contained his parents' remains. It was surrounded by willows, and their long pendent branches seemed to curtain it, as a holy spot, from intrusion. His thoughts were with the mother of his infancy, and his indulgent father, and he felt how cruel it was to barter the soil which contained their bones, nay, the bones themselves, to an unfeeling stranger, abandoning them even to the sacrilegious plough. All their kindness—all his ingratitude—all his profligacy and unworthiness passed in dark array through his mind; his breast heaved and the large drops, like rain, rolled down his cheeks. Gaming and extravagance had reduced him to poverty, and he only waited to receive from his patrimony about to be sold, what might remain after foreclosing a mortgage which he had given upon it, before he would bid adieu for ever to the land of his nativity, and hasten to the continent, a fugitive from justice and the violated laws of his country. For some time previous, he had forged a note upon a merchant of Dublin, for a large amount, which was discounted in the bank, the time of which was about expiring; so that his detection was certain and inevitable. The following day Lauderdale with all its appurtenances was sold, and all that remained to its former opulent proprietor was a few pounds, with which he hastened to depart from a country endeared to him by so many ties, and hasten a self-exiled wanderer into an unknown land.

It was late in the evening of a day in Autumn that a cabriolet containing a gentleman and servant was seen whirling along in the road that leads to Dundalk, a sea-port on the Irish sea. A heavy trunk bound behind indicated that they were travelers, and the appearance of the horse, covered as he was with sweat and foam, gave some idea of the distance and rapidity of their journey. The servant held the reins, and as the whip smacked and the vehicle rolled along upon the level road, bore himself proudly, and seemed entirely taken up with the fine manner in which he discharged the duties of his important office; but his master appeared less at ease. A wild and haggard expression at times excited his pale and melancholy features, restlessness and anxiety appeared in his motions, he turned his eye back upon the road as if looking for some one, and chiding the driver for their slowness of speed, relapsed again into gloom. At length two horsemen appeared at a distance riding at full gallop. The gentleman in the cabriolet turned pale. He seized the reins in his hands, and applied the whip to the back and loins of the poor jaded horse, as if life itself depended upon his speed. The noble animal exerting all his powers darted forward, and the carriage proceeded with a velocity that far surpassed their former course. The

horsemen appeared to urge their coursers to redoubled swiftness—they were evidently in pursuit, and were gaining upon the cabriolet.

The suspense was awful. The sweat poured like rain from the sides and fetlocks of their horse, yet still the generous animal, urged by the driver's lash, and by the prickings of his master's knife in the back, hurried them along with accelerated velocity. The horsemen appeared to be gaining upon them every moment, and hope began to desert the two travelers as their animal faltered and Dundalk was still two miles distant. The darkness which now drew on favored them, and the cabriolet struck into a private way, while their pursuers following the main road were soon lost to view. The carriage soon stopped at one of the most obscure inns in Dundalk, but no sooner had the spirited animal reached the destined place, than he fell down in his harness dead. His owner shook his head—his forebodings were melancholy, and leaving his servant to take care of his baggage, rushed into the inn, and desired to be shown to bed.

Scarcely had he lain down when the landlord came into his room, and informed him that two gentlemen were below who wished to see him. He desired him to inform them that he would presently be down. He arose and dressed himself and examined the height of the room. A leap from the window would have endangered life, and there was no other way of escape. He was undecided what to do, when he heard the sound of feet approaching his chamber. As the door opened he sunk back exhausted into a chair, retaining sufficient consciousness to notice that two strangers entered the room, one of whom held in his hand a paper, the other a candle. Recovering himself a little he said to the men who had entered the room so unceremoniously, 'I am your prisoner; you need not read your warrant; for God's sake do not injure me, I will go with you.'

'You need not fear injury at the hands of Arthur Browne, though you have merited it. In the distant wilds of America we first met, and injury and insult were the greeting you gave me. Nor was your treatment kinder while I was under the protection of your father at college; I was made to feel the obligation of every mouthful I ate. What has been your conduct since? Have you not aimed at lessening my influence and adding insult to insult? Yet, for the sake of your deceased father, and your inestimable sister, my wife, I freely forgive you all the injuries you have done me. The Giver of all good has prospered me beyond my most sanguine expectations. The 'beggar' has not yet expended a pound of your sister's dowry—principal or interest. Here is the deed of Lauderdale purchased with it—the note also

forged by you, which my connexion with the bank has enabled me to lift without the fraud becoming known, and I here tender you a check for the balance as cheerfully, as you surrendered it reluctantly. Return with us to the estate of your father, and the embraces of your sister, and profiting by the experience of the past, be guided by prudence and virtue for the future.'

The generous speaker ceased, and Morton Monteith and Arthur Browne were locked in each other's embraces.

In conclusion, I would remind my readers that the principal incidents here are real, and inculcate the divine command, 'Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them who despitefully use you and persecute you.'

TRAVELING SKETCHES.

From the New-York Mirror.

London.

An evening at Lady Blessington's—anecdotes of Moore, the poet—Taylor, the Pianonist—politics—election of speaker—prices of books.

I AM obliged to 'gazette' Lady Blessington rather more than I should wish, and more than may seem delicate to those who do not know the central position she occupies in the circle of talent in London. Her soirees and dinner-parties, however, are literally the single and only assemblages of men of genius, without reference to party—the only attempt at a republic of letters in the world of this great, envious and gifted metropolis. The pictures of literary life, in which my countrymen would be most interested, therefore, are found within a very small compass, presuming them to prefer the brighter side of an eminent character, and presuming them, (*is it a presumption?*) not to possess that appetite for degrading the author to the man by an anatomy of his secret personal failings, which is lamentably common in England. Having premised thus much, I go on with my letter.

I drove to Lady Blessington's an evening or two since, with the usual certainty of finding her at home, as there was no opera, and the equal certainty of finding a circle of agreeable and eminent men about her. She met me with the information, that Moore was in town, and an invitation to dine with her whenever she should be able to prevail upon 'the little Bacchus' to give her a day. D'Israeli, the younger, was there, and Dr. Beattie, the king's physician, (and author, unacknowledged, of 'The Heliotrope,') and one or two fashionable young noblemen.

Moore was naturally the first topic. He had appeared at the opera the night before, after a year's ruralizing at 'Slopperton cottage,' as fresh and young and witty as he ever was known in his youth—(for Moore must be sixty at least.) Lady B. said the only

difference she could see in his appearance was the loss of his curls, which once justified singularly his title of Bacchus, flowing about his head in thin, glossy, elastic tendrils, unlike any other hair she had ever seen, and comparable to nothing but the rings of the vine. He is now quite bald, and the change is very striking. D'Israeli regretted that he should have been met, exactly on his return to London, with the savage but clever article in Fraser's Magazine on his plagiarisms. 'Give yourself no trouble about that,' said Lady B. 'for you may be sure he will never see it. Moore guards against the sight and knowledge of criticism as people take precautions against the plague. He reads few periodicals, and but one newspaper. If a letter comes to him from a suspicious quarter, he burns it unopened. If a friend mentions a criticism to him at the club, he never forgives him; and, so well is this understood among his friends, that he might live in London a year, and all the magazines might dissect him, and he would probably never hear of it. In the country he lives on the estate of Lord Lansdowne, his patron and best friend, with half a dozen other noblemen within a dinner-drive; and he passes his life in this exclusive circle, like a bee in amber, perfectly preserved from everything that could blow rudely upon him. He takes the world *en philosophe*, and is determined to descend to his grave perfectly ignorant if such things as critics exist.' Somebody said this was weak, and D'Israeli thought it was wise, and made a splendid defence of his opinion, as usual, and I agreed with D'Israeli. Moore deserves a medal, as the happiest author of his day, to possess the power.

A remark was made in rather a satirical tone upon Moore's worldliness and passion for rank. 'He was sure,' it was said, 'to have four or five invitations to dine on the same day, and he tormented himself with the idea that he had not accepted perhaps the most exclusive. He would get off from an engagement with a countess to dine with a marchioness, and from a marchioness to accept the later invitation of a duchess; and as he cared little for the society of men, and would sing and be delightful only for the applause of women, it mattered little whether one circle was more talented than another. Beauty was one of his passions, but rank and fashion were all the rest.' This rather left-handed portrait was confessed by all to be just. Lady B. herself making no comment upon it. She gave, as an offset, however, some particulars of Moore's difficulties from his West Indian appointment, which left a balance to his credit.

Moore went to Jamaica with a profitable appointment. The climate disagreed with him, and he returned home, leaving the busi-

ness in the hands of a confidential clerk, who embezzled eight thousand pounds in the course of a few months and absconded. Moore's politics had made him obnoxious to the government, and he was called to account with unusual severity; while Theodore Hook, who had been recalled at this very time from some foreign appointment for a deficit of twenty thousand pounds in his accounts, was never molested, being of the ruling party. Moore's misfortune awakened a great sympathy among his friends. Lord Lansdowne was the first to offer his aid. He wrote to Moore, that for many years he had been in the habit of laying aside from his income eight thousand pounds, for the encouragement of the arts and literature, and that he should feel that it was well disposed of for that year if Moore would accept it, to free him from his difficulties. It was offered in the most delicate and noble manner, but Moore declined it. The members of 'White's' (mostly noblemen) called a meeting, and (not knowing the amount of the deficit) subscribed in one morning twenty-five thousand pounds, and wrote to the poet that they would cover the sum, whatever it might be. This was declined. Longman and Murray then offered to pay it, and wait for their remuneration from his works. He declined even this, and went to Passy with his family, where he economized and worked hard till it was canceled.

This was certainly a story most creditable to the poet, and it was told with an eloquent enthusiasm that did the heart of the beautiful narrator infinite credit. I have given only the skeleton of it. Lady Blessington went on to mention another circumstance very honorable to Moore, of which I had never before heard. 'At one time two different counties of Ireland sent committees to him, to offer him a seat in parliament; and as, he depended on his writings for a subsistence, offering him at the same time twelve hundred pounds a year while he continued to represent them. Moore was deeply touched with it, and said no circumstance of his life had ever gratified him so much. He admitted that the honor they proposed him had been his most cherished ambition, but the necessity of receiving a pecuniary support at the same time was an insuperable obstacle. He could never enter parliament with his hands tied, and his opinions and speech fettered, as they would be irresistibly in such circumstances.' This does not sound like 'jump-up-and-kiss-me Tom Moore,' as the Irish ladies call him; but her ladyship vouched for the truth of it. It was worthy of an old Roman.

By what transition I know not, the conversation turned on Platonism, and D'Israeli, (who seemed to have remembered the shelf on which Vivian Grey was to find 'the latter Platonists' in his father's library, 'flared up,'

as a dandy would say, immediately. His wild, black eyes glistened, and his nervous lips quivered and poured out eloquence; and a German professor, who had entered late, and the Russian charge d'affaires, who had entered later, and a whole ottoman-full of noble exquisites, listened with wonder. He gave us an account of Taylor, almost the last of the celebrated Platonists, who worshipped Jupiter in a back parlor in London a few years ago with undoubted sincerity. He had an altar and a brazen figure of the Thunderer, and performed his devotions as regularly as the most pious *sacerdos* of the ancients. In his old age he was turned out of the lodgings he had occupied for a great number of years, and went to a friend in much distress to complain of the injustice. He had 'only attempted to worship his gods according to the dictates of his conscience.' 'Did you pay your bills?' asked the friend. 'Certainly.' 'Then what is the reason?' 'His landlady had taken offence at his sacrificing a bull to Jupiter in his back parlor!'

The story sounded very Vivian-Grey-ish, and everybody laughed at it as a very good invention; but D'Israeli quoted his father as his authority, and it may appear in the *Curiosities of Literature*—where, however, it will never be so well told as by the extraordinary creature from whom we had heard it.

February 22d, 1835.—The excitement in London about the choice of a speaker is something startling. It took place yesterday, and the party are thunderstruck at the non-election of Sir Manners Sutton. This is a terrible blow to them, for it was a defeat at the outset; and if they failed in a question where they had the immense personal popularity of the late speaker to assist them, what will they do on general questions? The house of commons was surrounded all day with an excited mob. Lady ——— told me last night that she drove down toward evening, to ascertain the result, (Sir C. M. Sutton is her brother-in-law,) and the crowd surrounded her carriage, recognizing her as the sister of the tory speaker, and threatened to tear the coronet from the pannels. 'We'll soon put an end to your coronets,' said a rascalion in the mob. The tories were so confident of success that Sir Robert Peel gave out cards a week ago for a soiree to meet speaker Sutton, on the night of the election. There is a general report in town that the whigs will impeach the duke of Wellington! This looks like a revolution, does it not? It is very certain that the duke and Sir Robert Peel have advised the king to dissolve parliament again, if there is any difficulty in getting on with the government. The duke was dining with Lord Aberdeen

the other day, when some one at table ventured to wonder at his accepting a subordinate office in the cabinet he had himself formed. 'If I could serve his majesty better,' said the patrician soldier, 'I would ride as king's messenger to-morrow! He certainly is a remarkable old fellow.'

Perhaps, however literary news would interest you more. Bulwer is publishing in a volume his papers from the *New Monthly*. I met him an hour ago in Regent-street, looking, what is called in London, 'uncommon seedy!' He is either the worst or the best dressed man in London, according to the time of day or night you see him. D'Israeli, the author of *Vivian Grey*, drives about in an open carriage, with Lady S——, looking more melancholy than usual. The absent baronet, whose place he fills, is about bringing an action against him, which will finish his career, unless he can coin the damages in his brain. Mrs. Hemans is dying of consumption in Ireland. I have been passing a week at a country house, where Miss Jane Porter, Miss Pardoe, and Count Krazinsky, (author of the *Court of Sigismund*.) are domiciliated for the present. Miss Porter is quite one of her own heroines, grown old—a still handsome and noble wreck of beauty. Miss Pardoe is nineteen, fair-haired, sentimental, and has the smallest feet and is the best waltzer I ever saw, but she is not otherwise pretty. The Polish count is writing the life of his grandmother, whom I should think he strongly resembled in person. He is an excellent fellow, for all that. I dined last week with Joanna Baillie, at Hampstead—the most charming old lady I ever saw. To-day I dine with Longman to meet Tom Moore, who is living *incog.* near this Nestor of publishers at Hampstead. Moore is sagging hard on his history of Ireland. I shall give you the particulars of all these things in my letters hereafter.

Poor Elia—my old favorite—is dead. I consider it one of the most fortunate things that ever happened to me to have seen him. I think I sent you in one of my letters an account of my breakfasting in company with Charles Lamb and his sister, ('Bridget Elia,') in the Temple. The exquisite papers on his life and letters in the *Atheneum*, are by Barry Cornwall.

Lady Blessington's new book makes a great noise. Living as she does twelve hours out of the twenty-four in the midst of the most brilliant and mind-exhausting circle in London, I only wonder how she found the time. Yet it was written in six weeks. Her novels sell for a hundred pounds more than any other author's, except Bulwer. Do you know the *real* prices paid now for books? Bulwer gets *fifteen* hundred pounds—Lady B. *four* hundred, Honorable Mrs. Nor-

ton *two* hundred and fifty, Lady Charlotte Bury *two* hundred, Grattan *three* hundred, and most others below this. Captain Marryatt's gross trash sells immensely about Wapping and Portsmouth, and brings him five or six hundred the book—but that can scarce be called literature. D'Israeli cannot sell a book *at all*, I hear! Is not that odd? I would give more for one of his novels than for forty of the common *saleable* things about town.

The authoress of the powerful book called *Two Old Men's Tales*, is an old Unitarian lady, a Mrs. Marsh. She declares she will never write another book. The other was a glorious one, though!

I had a letter from Fay yesterday, requesting me to engage lodgings for him in London—so I suppose he is coming over. He was well and in high force.

MISCELLANY.

False Friendship.

A FRAGMENT.

'My dear friend, you are heartily welcome to town, (said a spruce dressed citizen, as he helped his country friend to alight from the stage) pray come home with me; I expect you will make my house your own while you stay in town; there is nothing in my power I will not do to make it agreeable to you. I have depended upon your company—my whole house is at your service.'

This overacted complaisance made me suspect his sincerity, or that he had some sinister point in view and I followed him home.

'I am greatly obliged to you, (said the country gentleman) the invitation you have given me is very acceptable; I have lost the estate I have been so long at law about, for want of sufficient evidence: and when I have paid the costs, I shall not have more than two hundred pounds left, with which I mean to purchase an annuity; therefore I shall make your house my home till I can settle my affairs.'

'It may be some time before you can settle your estate to your satisfaction,' replied the citizen, his features contracting into cold civility; and I expect a gentleman to take my first floor in about a week: I am very sorry I cannot accommodate you longer.'

'My dear Mr. Woollet!' cries the wife, hastily entering, 'I am vastly glad to see you.'

'Mr. Woollet has lost his lawsuit, my dear,' said the husband.

The smile of welcome instantly changed into a look of amazement; she had advanced to give him her hand; but, on his attempting to salute her, she withdrew her cheek, exclaiming, 'I am sorry for the disappointment;' and began to make the tea.

He drank two dishes of tea, and then asked his friend to lend him two guineas. He had it not in the house. Trade was very precarious; and again mentioned his expected lodger, and recommended a mean room to his friend, at half a crown per week, in an obscure lane in the city.

Oh! self interest! how dost thou deaden every virtue, lead to hypocrisy and vice, and make us what we should be ashamed to own, mean, avaricious, and unfeeling. Would I change the feeling heart for all the interested views this world affords? Oh no! Give me sensibility to feel another's woe, and I shall then feel as I ought, my own happiness.

'It is vexatious,' said Mr. Woollet, as he arose from breakfast, 'that I cannot stay here, as I have no ready money to procure a lodging.' No answer was made.

'Can't I have a room on your second floor, Mr. Saveall?'

'Really, sir, they are all occupied.'

'I do not know what to do; I must beg you to lend me half a guinea till next week.'

'I cannot, upon my word, sir.'

Mr. Woollet summoned up a look of expressive contempt, and fixing his eyes upon his false friend, cried, 'He who can refuse a half guinea to my necessities, shall never share in my prosperity. Know, selfish man, I have gained my cause, and am at this moment master of eight thousand pounds per annum.' Then turning from them, hastily left the house.

I stood for a moment to view their confusion; they spoke not a word, but giving each other the keenest looks of reproach, separated in sullen silence.

A good Story.

A Scotch Major, who had been so successful as to fight several duels with repeated success, and who, on account of his extreme desire for quarreling, when a little intoxicated, and for his boasted courage, was detested and despised by his brother officers, came one evening into a large company. There happened to be present a Yankee, an officer in the same regiment, which was then stationed at Montreal. This Yankee related, among other things, the failure of a certain expedition, in which he had the misfortune to be wounded. That was because you were a rascally set of cowards observed the supercilious Major. You are a d——d liar, said the Yankee. The company started. The Scotchman looked down upon him with as much contempt as Goliath did upon David, and immediately asked, are you a man to meet me? Yes, replied the Yankee, at any time and where you please, only with this provision, that we fight without seconds. Well then, to-morrow morning at 5 o'clock. Agreed. The company present endeavored to dissuade

the Yankee, telling him the Major had every advantage where he had none, and that he had better compromise matters, or he would have cause to repent his rashness; but he still persisted. The next morning the Yankee repaired to the place somewhat before the appointed hour, armed with a large musket; shortly after the Major made his appearance with a brace of pistols and his sword. Before he had advanced far, the Yankee in an austere tone, bid him stop, or he would blow his brains out. Upon which the Major, struck with amazement at this unexpected stratagem, reluctantly obeyed, but expostulated with him upon the injustice of such an ungentlemanly proceeding. The Yankee was implacable, determined to punish him for the abuse he had received. Lay down your sword and pistol, says he, (still presenting his musket) and to the right about face! march! The poor Major was again under the necessity of obeying; and uttering a volley of curses against his stars, passively submitted. The Yankee then quietly took possession of his arms: It is base, it is cowardly, said the Major, thus to deprive me of all defence. No, replied his fellow combatant, I will deal honorably with you, there take my musket, throwing it to him, and defend yourself. He, quite incensed, seized the musket with a mixture of exultation and precipitate vengeance, and rushing forward, demanded his arms or he would blow him to h——l. Blow away said the Yankee. Provoked at such insolence, in a fit of phrenzy, he drew the trigger. But alas! the musket had not been charged. The glory of the braggadocio was so sullied, and his feelings so mortally wounded by this indignity, that he sold his commission in the regiment, and left the place.

Washington.

At the period of Washington's Presidency, during which the government was located in Philadelphia, there was a watch maker named Stillas, who occupied the house at the west corner of Front and Chesnut streets, and kept one of the first regulators in the city. The President resided on the south corner of Market street, a few doors below Sixth, which was then quite at the west end of the town. The General used every now and then to take a walk down Market to Front street to Stillas' corner, to set his watch. Our informant who was then a boy, lived in the neighborhood of that corner, which was then as now, a stand for draymen, who were exceedingly noisy and turbulent. No sooner, however, did Washington approach than every man of them rose up, took off his hat, and stood uncovered in perfect silence, while the watch was getting set, which having completed, the General invariably took off his hat, and made

a respectful bow to the draymen, before proceeding on his walk, and leaving them all, no doubt, uttering in their hearts, 'there's a real gentleman for you.' It was his universal custom to return the salutation of every one that bowed to him, however humble in station, or whether white or black, on the principle that no one should be more polite than himself; and by a strict observance of that simple ceremony, he made a deep and lasting impression upon the people, without impairing in the slightest degree the claims to respect to which he was entitled from his station and his exalted virtues.

Consolation.

WHILE Gen. Green of R. I. was independent of all parties, he had a capital knack of soothing the disappointment of beaten candidates, and on such occasions used to tell a favorite story in a style of inimitable humor, which reconciled every body to the loss of office. We can give merely the outline. A field slave in the south, to whom meat is a rare blessing, one day found in his trap a plump rabbit. He took him out alive, held him under his arm: patted him, and began to speculate on his qualities. 'O how berry fat! the fattest I ebber did see! Let us see how I cook him. I roast him, no he be so fat lose all the grease. I fry him, Ay, he be so berry fat he fry himself; golly, how fat he be! No I wont fry him I stew him.' The thought of the savory stew made the negro forget himself and in spreading out the feast in his imagination, his arm relaxed, when off hopped the rabbit, and squatting at a goodly distance, he eyed his late owner with great composure. The negro knew there was an end to the matter, and summoning all his philosophy, he thus addressed the rabbit, shaking his fist at him all the time: 'You long-eared, white-wiskered, red-eyed son of a——, you no so berry fat after all noder!'—*Bost. Free Press.*

Dreaming Rich.

AN indolent scheming man, not a hundred miles from this place, lately applied to a rich capitalist for the loan of a considerable sum of money. He had a remarkable dream which had disclosed to him a scheme for making an immense fortune. All he wanted was the requisite sum to put the plan in execution; and this he wanted to borrow with the promise of a sure return and liberal interest. He was inquired of, what security he could give? 'O, there could be no doubt but that his plan would succeed and he was willing to give his note, and there could be no manner of risk in letting him have the money.' 'Young man,' said the capitalist 'I cannot furnish you the money on the terms you propose, but I will loan you something

without interest, which though generally freely proffered, if genuine, is of much value and is not gained without time and sacrifice; it is advice acquired by experience: 'When a young man myself, I often had golden dreams, but soon found them as evanescent and unsubstantial as the morning mist; and found that I could not grow rich in Bed and Asleep, but, that riches were to be acquired by industry, frugality, and being wide awake. If you desire to be rich, (which by the way, beyond a certain extent I would not recommend, for it is only piling a load of care and anxiety upon one's own back) it must ordinarily be accomplished by the manner and method I have stated:—the exceptions are so rare as hardly to be allowed in the computation of the human chances. Pursue then some stated business, and by industry, frugality and economy you may rationally expect to accumulate; and whatever is acquired in this way will possess solidity and durability; but do not indulge in the delusion of dreaming rich.—*Salem Obs.*

Charity.

Among the graces that adorn the christian character, that of charity has ever been deemed the brightest, the purest, the best. It is a gem of the first water; no cloud can obscure it—no rude hand sully its purity. Its sister graces dwindle away in its presence, and in the hour of expiring nature, it remains the only solitary companion of the departed one, that sustains unmoved the shock of death. Indeed, it may be termed in an eminent degree, the most distinguished characteristic of christianity, the Alpha and Omega of a religious truth. And when the lips of truth first uttered some of its first counsels, *charity* was the theme, the subject upon which was lavished divine eloquence. And wherever this heaven-born spirit has found its way, there it has diffused the breath of Paradise, shedding around the blessing of Providence, and proclaiming a jubilee to the sons and daughters of misfortune.

The Contest of the Eyes.

The sparkling jet black eyes had long disputed the palm with those of blue. Graver subjects ne'er concerned the fair, for they now prepare to plead in open court. So to end this long rivalry of eyes, Venus was chosen to adjudge the prize. Each assumes her place in the solemn court and in turn pleads her cause with native eloquence citing from the ample code of cupid's laws as she unfolds her doubtful case. The graces sat, as fair reporters of the anxious suit, with looks mute and sedate. After the speeches had closed, a breathless pause succeeds, while Venus with a hasty glance surveys the haughty dames—ponder's o'er the cumbrous

deeds and in the balance weighs their rival claims.—At length their referee, the graceful queen, thus mildly spoke her politic decree.

'In the festive hour *black eyes dazzle* most, but the gentle *blue* exert a *milder* power. *Black eyes* proudly vanquish and ravage at their will, but the soft *blue* still retain their conquest. The fickle *black* would range o'er a thousand hearts, *blue* are more tender and less prone to change: the *black* control my darts—the *blue* my flame: *black* picture wit, but *blue* can paint the soul.'

Anecdote of Richard III.

In the town of Leicester, England, the house is still shown where Richard III passed the night before the battle of Bosworth; and there is a story of him, still preserved in the corporation records, which illustrates the caution and darkness of that prince's character. It was his custom to carry, among the baggage of his camp, a cumbersome wooden bed, which he pretended was the only bed he could sleep in. Here he contrived a secret receptacle for his treasure, which lay concealed under a weight of timber. After the fatal day on which Richard fell, the Earl of Richmond entered Leicester with his victorious troops; the friends of Richard were pillaged, but the bed was neglected by every plunderer, as useless lumber. The owner of the house afterwards discovering the hoard, became suddenly rich, without any visible cause. He bought lands, and at length arrived at the dignity of being mayor of Leicester. Many years afterwards, his widow, who had been left in great affluence, was murdered for her wealth by her servant maid, who had been privy to the affair; and at the trial of this woman and her accomplices the whole transaction came to light.

EDUCATION.—The manual labor system of education must eventually receive the support of the American people. A good physical education is the best part of the education of the son or daughter of an American. The dyspeptic student of the old school, and one who has received a good physical education, may be compared to two plants—one of which has been growing in the shade, and the other exposed to the invigorating and genial rays of the sun.

A NEVER-CHANGING FASHION.—There is one fashion, which, unlike most others, never changes. It is that of writing prefaces to books. A book seldom makes its appearance in the world, without having from one to a dozen of its pages appropriated to a preface. All prefaces, however, have their objects.—First—to tell the reader that there is a great vacuum in the literary world, which the book exactly fills: and, second, the advantages

that are likely to result to mankind from the circulation of said book. This latter is quite as necessary in some cases, as it was for the painter to write underneath the picture of a horse he had painted, the words, 'This is a Horse.' The fact would be quite as undiscoverable in the one case as in the other.

A HOAX.—The materials of the old frame house at James' slip, in which the man is said to have been murdered, was yesterday sold by the proprietor's agent for a few dollars, and the purchaser wishing to get it pulled down cheaply, raised a little riot, on his own account, and excited some seamen to pull down the house in order to avenge the death of poor Sheridan. The seamen, 'nothing loth' soon collected in a considerable number, tore the house to the ground, and then gave three cheers and made off lest the Police should catch them. The man who purchased it then carried off the materials, not a little pleased at having got so much work done for nothing.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

J. W. S. H. South Deerfield, Ms. \$3.00; J. S. Nunda Valley, N. Y. \$0.81; W. R. South Orange, Ms. \$0.87; P. M. Elmyra, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Collins, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Sterling, Ms. \$2.00; M. L. Erieville, N. Y. \$1.00; E. E. Redhook, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. New Milford, Ct. \$1.00; P. M. Worthington, Ms. \$1.00; P. M. York, N. Y. \$2.00; C. B. P. Ferry Center, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Nineveh, N. Y. \$2.00; W. D. S. Fluvanna, N. Y. \$5.00; S. P. South Dover, N. Y. \$3.00; J. B. W. Cohocton, N. Y. \$0.62; S. P. West Stockbridge, Ms. \$1.00; P. M. Wilmington, O. \$5.00; P. M. Brockett's Bridge, N. Y. \$2.00; T. W. B. Vandusenville, Ms. \$0.80; A. J. M. Cheshire, Ms. \$0.90; T. R. Darien Center, N. Y. \$1.00; S. B. East Hampton, Ms. \$1.00; S. M. W. Benton, N. Y. \$1.00; E. G. East Otis, Ms. \$1.00; G. E. P. Marathon, N. Y. \$1.00; M. R. V. D. West Beckel, Ms. \$1.00; P. M. Stokes, N. Y. \$1.00; L. D. S. Canandaigua, N. Y. \$0.81; F. M. H. Glastenbury, Ct. \$1.00; W. A. C. Monroe, Ct. \$5.00; R. K. G. Desmond, M. T. \$0.75; E. J. North Amherst, Ms. \$1.00; P. M. West Groton, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Philipsport, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Moriah, N. Y. \$2.00.

SUMMARY.

A RECEIPT FOR CURING CORN.—Dip a small tuft of cotton in lamp or whale oil, apply it to the corn, and wrap a bandage round it, repeat this five, six or eight days, and the corn becomes soft, and is easily removed.

By the Mexican law if a person kill another in a duel he becomes responsible for the debts of the deceased. Probably no code of laws could have established a more equitable decision.

CURE FOR THE WHOOPING COUGH.—Take one fourth of a pint of sweet olive oil, the same quantity of common leeks—cut them fine, and simmer them moderately, two or three hours; and honey sufficient to make it palatable; half a table spoonful a portion for an adult. If taken four or five times it will, in a few days, remove this distressing disorder.

MARRIED,

In this city, on the 21st ult. by the Rev. Mr. Dana, of Marblehead, Mass. Mr. Richard P. Dana, of Boston, to Miss Juliette H. Starr, daughter of the late Ephraim Starr, Esq. of Albany.

At Ghent on the 9th ult. by the Rev. J. Berger, Mr. Adam Hemmerly, to Miss Hannah Kisselbergh, both of that place. At Chatham, on the 14th ult. by the same, Mr. Dennis S. Gusher, of Windham, Ct. to Miss Julia L. Hull, of Hardwick, Mass.

DIED,

In this city, on the 2d inst. Mr. Rodger W. Adsit, in the 58th year of his age.

On the 4th inst. John M. son of the Rev. William Whittaker, aged 8 weeks.

At Claverack, on the 17th ult. Mr. Joseph Poucher, aged 62 years and 4 months.

At Columbiaville, on the 15th ult. Elizabeth, wife of Samuel Smith, aged 60 years.

In Columbus, Mississippi, on the 13th of July, Francis Byron, infant son of P. B. Parker, formerly of Stockport.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

Mrs. Hemans.

BY E. H. CHAPIN.

PEAL forth a dirge, and chant your saddest hymn!
Aye, peal a dirge in sorrow and in weeping,
Let notes of grief blend with the requiem,
Like rush of winds o'er lonely waters sweeping.
Deep notes of grief, we mourn the hallowed dead,
The bonds of angel-intellect death-riven;
The pale clay left:—the star-like spirit fled
From its cold shrine, on wings of song to heaven.

Hers was the power to stir the fount of woes,
Or light the heart-depths with her sunny gleamings;
Calling up bright-winged visions, such as those
That glide in beauty through our glorious dreamings.
Those spells have ceased. Hushed are the magic words.
We wait for them, but find no answering token.
Naught but a tuneless lyre, with shattered chords,
And garlands in the dust untwined and broken!

Oh who will sing like her of household-bands?
Of fond Affection's links where Love hath wreathed
them?

Of hearth and hall?—The lays of many lands?
The songs of olden-time as Valor breathed them?
While through her chantings flows the glad blue stream,
By sacred fane and dark old elm-tree glancing;—
Or flashes forth, 'mid victor-strains, the gleam
Of gorgeous banner-folds and white plumes dancing.

Discouraging woman's love, with woman's power,
Unwearied vigils by the sick-bed keeping,
Nerving e'en man's proud heart in trial's hour,
Watching by garnered hopes and bright brows sleeping,
Or bending, when life's feeble wings are furled,
The last pale mourner o'er the blighted blossom,
She knew, 'in all this cold and hollow world,'
There is no love-fount like a mother's bosom!

Departed genius asks no laurel-wreath,
Though willing fingers often may entwine it;—
It wants not adulation's empty breath:
In its own works will memory enshrine it.
Should living hand assay her harp, 'twould fall;
It needs the sun-light of her glance, ere waking,
Whose mortal form was but the shadowy veil
Through which earth-mingled sounds of heaven were
breaking.

We will not weep then, for she roams the land,
'The better land,' by death-blight never tainted
She treads a fairer shore, a brighter strand,
Than e'en her glorious fancy dreamed or painted.
For sake of worldly fame, to worldly ills,
And sin and wo, her pure heart had no clinging,
So, she hath gone where Heaven's eternal hills
With echoed strains from golden lyres are ringing.

Change is not there, and from the white-robed throng,
The palm-crowned and the radiant, nought can sever;
No notes of earth blend with her seraph song,
She wanders by the glad bright streams forever.
Yet peal a dirge, 'tis for the hallowed dead,
The bonds of angel-intellect death-riven!—
But *weep not*, for the star like spirit's fled,
From its cold shrine, on triumph wings to heaven!

For the Rural Repository.

Lines

Copied from an Album kept at Table Rock.

'I STOOD upon Niagara's dizzy heights—
I gazed upon her fearful depths—
I listened to her wondrous melody
That never tires, but still rolls on
Deep echoing to the praise of God.

Fearfully, behind her flowing drapery,
Entranced I leaned! heard terrific sounds
Thundering around, while awe and reverence
Filled my soul, as thus I stood;
A yawning gulph below, a slippery path beneath,
And the high frowning precipice quivering
In the upper air, bade me "beware,"
Nor linger near the curtain of the tomb.
God of all wondrous works thou art!
And I acknowledge thee.'

From the Philadelphian.

The Bar Maid.

I SAW a lovely girl—it was at church—
Who knelt before her Maker in the beauty
Of maiden meekness. As she lifted up
Her calm blue eyes in confidence to heaven,
And her sweet lips were parted in low prayer,
I thought that never had been seen on earth
Such likeness unto angels. Presently
She approached the supper of the crucified,
With diffidence and in humility of step:
Revealing lowliness of heart. And there,
As she partook the symbols of His death,
With trembling, touched the blest memorials—
Her dark eyes swam with tears of penitence,
And holy hope, and joy that passeth words.
Woman, I said, though ever beautiful,
And every where attractive, unto me
Thou art truly lovely when devotion lends
Its halo to thy charms.

The Sabbath day

Again I saw her—'twas the same—she stood
Beneath her father's roof. From the high altar
She had hastened to her home for other service.
It was a room unseemly to the sight,
Ranged round with cups and flasks, on which was seen
The name of Alcohol. The place was filled
With vulgar men. The thoughtless youth was there;
Just learning his sad lesson. Aged heads
Clustering and ripening for the grave were there:
And there the filthy debauchee. Strange oaths
And laughter rude I heard. The jest obscene
Went round: and some were reeling in their drink,
And she—yes, she that beauteous one, that sweet
Young blossom, stood amid that tainted crew,
As 'twere a pure bright spirit, suddenly
Brought in its skyey freshness to the damned.
She stood behind the bar:—her lily hand
Poured out the nauseous draught and mixed and reached
The poison to those outcasts. With a leer,
That withered up, methought, her virgin charms,
Those bad men gazed on her, and laughed and drank;
And still they drank, and still she filled the cup
And gave it them, and heard their brutal talk,
And songs of Hell.

Her sire is counted one

Of the pillars of the church; he duly prays;
Gives alms, and deems himself a journeyer
To heaven; and he his daughter places there
A daily oblation, acceptable
Unto the Moloch Rum: and unrebuked,
For money offers up his innocent child,
And she, obedient thus is sacrificed.

W. B. T.

From the Christian Messenger.

We Loved.

We met, we loved. A sunset gleam was straying,
'Mid the dim graves where, strangers, first we met,
And autumn winds upon their wild harps playing
And yellow leaves with tears of evening wet.
We met, we loved. Oh grief hath power to waken,
With its dark weeds, a tenderness which ne'er
Decays with Time, and we were all forsaken—
The last lone watchers o'er a household bier.

We loved, as orphan sisters, who have broken
Full oft the bread of bitterness and wo;
As isolated beings, who have spoken
A farewell to the world of pride and show.

We loved with that devotedness, which buries
All thoughts of others in Oblivion's sea—
With that endearing confidence which parries
The shafts of malice and adversity.

We loved. Through every season, one deep feeling,
One joy, one grief, one prayer, one pulse was ours;
Whether stern Winter's voice were o'er us pealing
Or gentle sunshine gilding April showers.
Night ever found us at God's altar bending;
Morn saw our hands, e'en as our hearts entwined
Our soaring spirits, as our voices, blending,
In that sweet union Earth can ne'er unbind

We loved. A tress of silken hair is lying
Within my hand, more precious than the light;
She too! it from her angel-brow while dying,
And faintly smiled upon the token bright.
Oh blessed sister! when dark Earth releaseth
Her trusting heart, so long, so sternly proved,
Will not the eye, which kindred spirit seeketh,
Say in one deep and thrilling glance—WE LOVED?
Sheshequin, Pa. April, 1835. J. H. K.

Enigmas.

Why is the letter *e* like a tailor?—Because it
makes *cloths* into *clothes*.

Why is a *Locomotive Engine* like the lading of
a vessel? Because it makes a *car-go*.

HEALTH SECURED,

BY THE USE OF

HYER'S HYGEIAN VEGETABLE

Universal Medicine.

The Hygeian Medicine is composed of the purest
vegetable substances in nature, without the least particle
of mineral or mercurial matter, which is uncongenial, and
therefore destructive to the human system, being admitted
into its admixture. It purges the blood, gives tone and
elasticity to the nerves, equalizes the circulation, and re-
news healthy action through the entire range of the system.
They have been found effectual in Quinsy, Heartburn,
Flatulency, Dyspepsia, Colic, Painters' Colic, Surfeit,
Constipated Colic, Costiveness, Looseness, Spasmodic
Cholera, Bilious Colic, Intestinal Concretions, Stone,
Gravel, Worms, Strictures, Tenesmus, Piles, Jaundice,
Visceral Turgescence, Polypos, Cough, Asthma, Disturbed
Sleep, Pain in the Side; Yellow, Typhus, Remittant and
Intermittent Fevers; Fever and Ague; Inflammations,
Biles, Apostemes, Tumors, Erysipelas, Visceral Inflammations,
Mumps, Croup, Peripneumony, Pleurisy, Ophthalmia,
Catarrh, Influenza, Dysentery, Rheumatism, Gout, White
Swelling, Scarlet Fever, Measles, Rash, Small Pox,
Pleurisy, Hemorrhage, Emaciation, Decline, Consumption,
Scorbuta, King's Evil, Cancer, Syphilis, Elephantiasis,
Scurvy, Anæmia, Gangrene, Ulcer, Insanity, Morbid
Sight, Morbid Hearing, Morbid Smell, Morbid Taste,
Nerve Ache, Tic Douloureux, Cramp, Palpitation, Saint
Vitus's Dance, Palsy, Headache, Vertigo, Syncope, Con-
vulsions, Gonorrhœa, Flux, Corpulency, Dropsy, Leprosy,
Itch and all cutaneous eruptions; as well as every other
disease to which the human frame is liable. For Sale by

ASHBEL STODDARD.

Hudson, 1835.

WANTED

At this Office, a Boy from 12 to 14 years of age, to
work by the week.

Book & Job Printing,

Of all descriptions, neatly executed, with Ink of different
colors, on new and handsome type, at the shortest notice
and on the most reasonable terms, at this office.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY

IS PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER SATURDAY, AT HUDSON, N. Y. BY
Wm. B. Stoddard.

It is printed in the Quarto form, and will contain
twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page
and index to the volume.

TERMS.—One Dollar per annum in advance, or One
Dollar and Fifty Cents, at the expiration of three months
from the time of subscribing. Any person, who will remit
us Five Dollars, free of postage, shall receive six copies,
and any person, who will remit us Ten Dollars, free of
postage, shall receive twelve copies, and one copy of the
ninth or tenth volumes. No subscriptions received
for less than one year. All the back numbers furnished
to new subscribers.

All orders and Communications must be *post paid*
to receive attention.